III.ii.

Nur. *Tybalt* is gone and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that kild him he is banished.
Iuli. O God, did *Romeos* hand shead *Tibalts* bloud?
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
Nur. O serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.
Iu. Did euer draggon keepe so faire a Caue?
Bewtifull tirant, fiend angelicall:
Rauenous doue featherd raue, wolu'shrauening lamb,
Despised substance of diuinest showe:
Iust opposite to what thou iustly seem'st,
A dimme saint, an honourable villaine:
O nature what hadst thou to do in hell
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend,
In mortall paradise of such sweete flesh?
Was euer booke containing such vile matter
So fairely bound? ô that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgious Pallace.
Nur. Theres no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,
All periurde, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers,
Ah wheres my man? giue me some Aqua-vitæ:
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old,
Shame come to *Romeo*.
Iu. Blisterd be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not borne to shame:
Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit:
For tis a throane where honour may be crownd
Sole Monarch of the vniuersal earth.
O what a beast was I to chide at him?
Nur. Wil you speak wel of him that kild your cozin?
Iu. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poor my lord, what tongue shal smooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it?
But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cozin?
That villaine Cozin would haue kild my husband:
Backe foolish teares, backe to your native spring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

Which

Which you mistaking offer vp to
My husband liues that *Tybalt* wou
And *Tybalts* dead that would haue
All this is comfort, wherefore wee
Some word there was, worser then
That murdred me, I would forget
But oh it presses to my memorie,
Like damned guiltie deeds to sinn
Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* banished
That banished, that one word ban
Hath slaine ten thousand *Tybalts*:
Was woe inough if it had ended t
Or if sower woe delights in fellow
And needly will be ranckt with ot
Why followed not when she said
Thy father or thy mother, nay or
Which moderne lamentation mig
But with a rearward following *T*
Romeo is banished: to speake that
Is father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*,
All slaine, all dead: *Romeo* is bani
There is no end, no limit, measure
In that words death, no words can
Where is my father and my moth
Nur. Weeping and wayling o
Will you go to them? I will bring
Iu. Wash they his wounds with
When theirs are drie, for *Romeos* b
Take vp those cordes, poore rope
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild
He made you for a highway to my
But I a maide, die maiden widowe
Come cordes, come Nurse, ile to
And death not *Romeo*, take my m
Nur. Hie to your chamber, Ile
To comfort you, I wot well wher

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